

"come on out, shithead,  
or I'm going to start  
breaking  
glass!"

he gave a small nod  
to his  
woman.

I saw her reach  
into the glove  
compartment  
open it  
and slip him the  
.32

#### MACHO MAN

the phone rings.  
I answer.  
it's a woman.  
she says,  
"you are a sick  
fucker and I thought  
I'd tell you  
this ..."

she hangs up.

I am supposedly  
unlisted.

it rings  
again.

"you write this  
macho bullshit  
but you're  
probably a  
fag, you  
probably want to  
suck  
black dick!"

she hangs  
up.

I am watching  
the Johnny Carson

I saw him hold it  
down low  
and snap off the  
safety.

I walked off  
toward the  
clubhouse, it looked  
like a damned good  
card  
that  
day.

all I had to do  
was  
be there.

show.  
he amuses  
me;  
he's so  
straight-backed  
dressed in his  
high school  
go-to-dance  
suit.  
he touches  
his nose  
his necktie  
the back of  
his neck.  
he's a  
giveaway:  
he wants  
desperately  
to be all right  
just like his  
audience.

it rings again.

"you don't know  
what a real  
woman is!  
if you ever met  
a real woman  
you wouldn't know  
what to do  
with her!"



she hangs  
up.

Carson jokes about  
his jokes being  
so bad  
but he has probably  
consumed and  
murdered  
more writers than  
Bobby Hope.

then she's  
back:  
"why do you keep  
listening to  
me?  
why don't you  
hang up?"

I hang up  
then take  
the phone  
off the  
hook.

Carson has  
finished his  
monologue.  
smiles  
is delicately  
concerned  
yet  
pleased.  
he goes into  
his little golf  
swing

#### THE END OF AN ERA

parties at my place were  
always marred by  
violence:  
mine.

it was what  
attracted  
them: the  
would-be

as the commercial  
descends  
upon  
me.

it's just another  
dull night  
in San Pedro  
as all my  
male servants  
Kitcha Kubees  
Des Man DeAblo  
La Tabala  
and  
Swine Herd Sam  
stand  
with their  
black dicks  
extended.

I decide to have  
my unlisted  
number  
changed  
but meanwhile  
remote control  
the tv  
off,  
shush the  
fellows  
away  
and reach for  
the pages of  
Sam Beckett  
as my  
cross-eyed white  
cat  
leaps upon the  
bedcovers.

writers  
and the  
would-be  
women.

these writers?  
these women?  
I could always hear  
them